



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

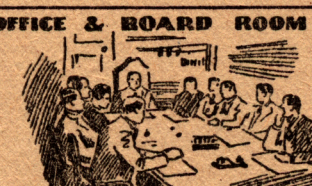
*The*  
OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.

Vol. 16. No. 5. July, 1943.





# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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Established 14th May,  
1858.

# TATTERSALL'S CLUB

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THE great scenes associated with the running of the English Derby at the hour of Britain's mounting air invasion of the Continent proved again that the spirit of Drake lives . . . we may finish our game and then beat Hitler.

"Derby fever," the cables told us, infected Britons even in prisoner-of-war camps in Germany itself. In one camp a book was made.

What a moral lesson all this provided for the world, and the Nazi world in particular!

Who are flying deep into the Hitlerite country; who are manning the tanks that smashed through Tunisia; who are patrolling the seven seas in submarines, in corvettes and the larger vessels of war; who are the men behind the bayonets and guns? Who?

British sportsmen in the majority. The men who played Rugger and Soccer and League, who played cricket at Lords and on the village greens, who played tennis at Wimbledon and in the counties, who pulled a good oar on the Thames, who owned, trained and rode horses on the Flat and over the fences, who went huntin' and fishin'.

The sportsmen of Britain, bless 'em all! We salute them, we who follow the British tradition of keeping alive the sporting spirit in wartime, assured that we may finish the game and then beat Hitler.



# The Club Man's Diary

**JULY BIRTHDAYS:** 6th, Mr. J. B. Moran; 8th, Mr. Conrad Horley; 15th, Messrs. W. M. Gollan, M.L.A., and R. C. Chapple; 17th, Mr. L. Mitchell; 19th, Mr. A. H. Stocks; 21st, Mr. G. F. Wilson; 28th, Mr. L. Maidment.

**AUGUST BIRTHDAYS.** — 1st, Mr. S. J. Fox; 8th, Mr. G. Keighery; 9th, Mr. F. Lubrano; 14th, Messrs. S. Biber and E. K. White; 18th, Professor J. D. Stewart; 20th, Mr. H. H. McIntosh; 25th, Hon. A. Mair, M.L.A.; 26th, Mr. P. H. Goldstein; 30th, Mr. E. Hunter Bowman; 31st, Flying-Officer Emil Sodersteen.

\* \* \*

The other evening I paused in my walk home to watch the stars come out. Singly and shyly they peeped from their places; a gradual illumination and more bewitching than an instantaneous switching on. Science explained why the stars shone. Their courses had been charted centuries gone by.

My friend, Walter Gale, F.R.A.S., would probably be sitting in his suburban garden, his eyes glued to a telescope, in the expectation of spotting a new comet, which might be described as a star gone Hollywoodish — burning up about something or somebody.

In the great observatories of the world, outside the Ruhr, astronomers would keep vigil of the constellations. Any moment a new-comer to the heavenly company might arrive, which is to say its rays may arrive, after a long journey. Starting point might be so far back in space that its rays may have been en route earthwards since the time of Julius Caesar.

These fragments of past reading crowded my mind as the stars came out and, finally, I called up from schooldays the lines spoken by Lorenzo to Jessica (Merchant of Venice):

... look, how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright  
gold:

There's not the smallest orb which  
thou behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cheru-  
bims:

Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of  
decay  
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot  
hear it.

I recalled that as a schoolboy I had chosen those lines as the subject of an essay, telling how Shakespeare had given a suggestion of the music of the spheres, how the bard had explained that such music was reserved for the elect of the world beyond, souls relieved of "this muddy vesture of decay," the body.

Later in the evening one of the family asked me to listen to a radio session titled "Calling the Stars." "No," I said, "I have been communing with the real things."

\* \* \*

Story of club member Cliff O'Riordan cabled from London to the "Daily Telegraph":

"The King and Queen, on a tour of inspection of a Royal Air Force station, visited an Australian Lancaster squadron. Their Majesties had a long talk with one of the squadron's most popular members, Flying-Officer Cliff O'Riordan, a former Sydney barrister.

The King and Queen were full of sympathy for Cliff, who was wearing his arm in a sling, and both laughed when, on inquiring if the arm had been injured during action, Cliff replied: 'Oh, no, your Majesties, I fell off a horse'."

\* \* \*

Captain H. S. Miller, U.S. Marine Fighting Squadron, wrote the Secretary of Tattersall's Club from overseas:

Recently our squadron visited Sydney on one week's leave. We were cordially received everywhere, but I particularly appreciated privilege of becoming an hon. member of Tattersall's Club. I used the club at least once daily, except on Sunday, until our departure. Your club meant civilisation as much as anything we enjoyed in the city. I trust that the facilities of the clubs in our country are equally available to members of His Majesty's forces visiting there, and that such visitors find them equally pleasant.

Thanks for the memory, Captain Miller, but, really, the pleasure was ours. If you have the good fortune soon to regain civilization in your own country and happen across Tattersall's Club magazine in one or other of the clubs with which we are affiliated, accept this acknowledgment as an invitation for yourself and fellow officers to "make yourself at our place," as Australians say.

I have a cutting from the "North-West Champion," Moree, which rather startled me to discover that John Roles—yes, our Mr. Roles of the cherubic countenance—is a man with a secret vice. These mysterious disappearances are now accounted for; these hide-outs have now been revealed as bowling greens. John is no ordinary trundler — if that's the term for the person who rolls 'em down. He's a skip, which means a rink. (I pray that the comp. doesn't set this as "drink") leader. He's also a chorus leader; but that's another story.

However, to return to our press cutting. The fact is recorded that the rink skipped by John Roles won the competition with three straight wins in the three rounds.

So Roles rolls 'em down — and how!

I have not such a happy memory of Moree — or, perhaps, Moree has not such a pleasant memory of me. Something happened there as to cause astonishment, and I seized on the incident to comment in a column I wrote at the time: "O tempora; O Moree!"

Several Moreecians wrote the Editor deploring my ignorance, explaining that the correct quotation was: "O tempora, O mores" (O, the times; O, the manners!).

Some time later, Temora came into the picture and the temptation was to write "O, Temora; O, mores"; but my ardor had been cooled. Still, I have often wondered why Dubbo wasn't baptised Pubbo and Nowra named Cowra as tributes to refreshment.

Talking of names, I swear that many horses are handicapped by the names they bear more than by the jockeys they carry.



For very many years the Italians had a saying: "See Naples and die." Cynics corrupted it: "Smell Naples and die." Everything depended on the viewpoint; poetic licence or raw realism.

The Italians sentimentalised over Naples harbor, suggesting that it had no equal anywhere. Having seen it you might rest content to dwell upon its beauty evermore and die rather than vainly pursue the illusion of finding a harbor more beautiful; either that, or die with the first impression of the scene.

\* \* \*

By that harbor to-day havoc is being rained from sea and sky in the hour of retribution. This always happens in history when beauty embraces the beast. Probably that's what the Neapolitans are thinking as they reflect on their beautiful harbor and the ruin that Mussolini brought upon it.

\* \* \*

I wonder if Toti dal Monte, with the nightingale's notes and the barmaid's bosom, happens to be about anywhere within bombfall? It would be a shame to hear her shriek, remembering her velvety voice. Probably she was not so great a singer as was Lombardi, his sister star of the 1928 season in Sydney, but she had more magnetism.

When she determined to marry a second-rate tenor of the company, I was sent by my newspaper to write a romantic story. Seeking out Toti I put it to her that she should write the story—or, rather, I should write it for her and she should sign it for me. It was a bargain.

I returned to the office about 6.30 p.m. and decided to write while moved by the impression of Toti's radiant happiness.

It was one of those still nights . . . moonlight on Hyde Park, which my office window overlooked; then, suddenly, as I took up pen, the bells pealed merrily from St. Mary's Cathedral. There were the note of inspiration and the title: "Wedding Bells."

Next morning the Leader Page carried a special: "Wedding Bells, by Toti dal Monte."

Within an hour of the edition hitting the streets she 'phoned me. "Ver' booteeful, signor," she said excitedly. "I will send you a copy of the paper," I answered. "Me, one copy for me!" she exploded. "Me, I order da five thousan' copies;" She really meant it, too.

*Well, that article is mouldering in the files, possibly in some damp basement, but there was an evening when it made the joy of a bride articulate.*

\* \* \*

A correspondent back from the bottle area reported: "Liquor supplies were among the things sacrificed. Townsville is one of the soberest cities in Australia."

So it can happen there!

When I first saw Townsville there were so many goats running around in the locality of the circular drive that any Southern punter might have dwelt upon a memory of racecourses back home. It was a habit of the goats to come down from the hills to share in the drinks of the inhabitants.

You would assume that beer would be the favourite pot in such a tropical clime. No, not in those days. Spirits topped the consumption chart. The Townsvillians could take it.

As to that, the story is told of a Sydneysider on tour finding a man prone in a side street. The visitor, believing the worst, called a small Townsville boy. "Hurry along the ambulance, I fear that this man's dead," the visitor counselled. The kid hesitated. "Then, added the Sydneysider, 'he might be drunk.'" The kid retorted: "No, he ain't drunk—I seen him move."

\* \* \*

Well, there are great, or greater, things doing up Townsville way to-day. A tough time awaits any but friends who may try to crash the company there and there about.

Any enemy formation which determines to advance over a typical Townsville football field will fade out after the first wave. Sydney's University oval is a paradise by comparison. And Harry Bosward will tell you what the All Blacks said of the University oval.

## CHURCHILL'S MOTHER

"Young Lady Randolph: The Life and Times of Jennie Jerome, American Mother of Winston Churchill," by Rene Kraus, has been published in America. Here's a little family history:

Leonard Jerome began life as a farm boy in Onanda County, New York. He died in England, where he had gone to be reunited with his family, his three daughters, who had made distinguished English marriages and his wife, who had, many years before, moved to Paris because of his attentions to the singer Adelina Patti. Between Onanda County and the deathbed, Leonard Jerome had been a publisher, a consul to Trieste, a Wall Street speculator (during the Civil War he gave great sums to war charities and other patriotic causes, and kept a staff of agents with the armies to provide him with military information for use on the Street), a man of fashion and *bon vivant* and sportsman. He was also the grandfather of Winston Churchill, for one daughter had married Randolph Churchill, son of the Duke of Marlborough. "Young Lady Randolph" is the story of the life of that daughter.

The story begins in New York, which the Prince of Wales visited in 1860, when Jennie was 10 years old—too young to go to the ball in his honour. She was not to dance with him until many years later. Then there is the period in Paris, where Mrs. Jerome had gone with the official excuse of seeing her doctor and giving her daughters the "French finishing touch," and where Jennie was favoured by the Empress Eugenie and remained to see the collapse of the empire and the siege of Paris.

The English period begins when the Jeromes flee Paris. At a ball at Cowes given in honour of the Tsarevitch, Jennie meets Lord Randolph Churchill. It was a case of love at first sight for both, but certain family difficulties remained to be smoothed out before the marriage could be arranged.

The rest of the story is concerned with Jennie Jerome's conquest of English society, her achievements as a sportswoman, her contacts with the

(Continued on Page 4.)



# The Club Man's Diary

(Continued from Page 3.)

great of England and of the Continent, her devoted and cunning labours for her husband's political career, and her services to the causes of the arts, of the reform of female fashions, of philanthropy, and of better Anglo-American relations.

\* \* \*

From Capt. W. H. Sellen, on active service somewhere in Australia:

"A very successful race meeting was held here. The course, tote, stands, saddling paddock and so forth, all built in about four weeks, would have amazed you. While there were no Phar Laps among the horses, they provided good racing. The prize money was about £1,700, and a profit of £1,531 was handed over to the Prisoners of War Fund. Last, but not least, a good time was had by all."

\* \* \*

The names saddled on to the horses were the limit in ingenuity. For example: Nudist, by AWAS out of Uniform; Lovelorn, by Old Maid out of Luck; Flyer, by No. 9 out of RAP; Gotcha, by Manpower out of Last Round Up; Willing, by Passion out of Restraint.

\* \* \*

Those "ace commentators" and "famous correspondents" of the press and radio have been picking the spots at which the Allied forces might be expected to land on the Continent in the manner of a woman selecting a Melbourne Cup winner—out of the hat. An American writer dealt recently with the so-

called "military expert industry" in these terms:

"Since Joshua reported what happened at Jericho men have written about war. There have been recorders of wars past, prophecies of wars to come, reporters who saw wars happen, and historians who told how and why they happened. But never before has a group of self-acknowledged experts, operating thousands of miles from the battle fronts, set themselves up in the business of selling omniscient day-by-day dope about a war to the general public."

\* \* \*

So Galliard is now the hack of a police trooper. No doubt he will adorn his new role. That is not to libel him. How many humans, including this writer, crashed the hopes of their fond parents and found their metier in the commonplace?

Many a good carpenter by natural bent has been lost to the saw and the bench by reason of a purposeless aspiration.

I yearned to be an astronomer, and you get the residue of that ambition in something I have written elsewhere about the stars. I had to fall ten flights into journalism to recover a sense of my capacity.

Contentment is often found in the lesser compensations, as Galliard, the carpenter and I have learned.

\* \* \*

According to the sporting columns a girl broke 11 secs. for 100 yards twice at the one meeting.

She must have run like a deer.

This prophetic poem is attributed to Grey, author of "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard":

*The time will come when thou shalt  
lift thine eyes,  
And watch a long-drawn battle in  
the skies;  
When aged peasants, too amazed for  
words,  
Will watch the flying feet of  
wondrous birds;  
But England, still the Mistress of  
the sea,  
Where wind and wave pronounce  
her Sovereignty;  
Her ancient prestige shall remain on  
high  
And rule, the Sovereign Monarch of  
the Conquered Sky.*

Tennyson, you remember, had a vision of modern air power: "The nations' aerial navies," . . . "the heavens filled with commerce."

\* \* \*

The "Chicago Tribune" comments: "As a crippled draught horse is destroyed so is an ordinary citizen murdered but a higher-up is assassinated."

Which explains why no ranking movie star ever marries—she elopes.

Had William Makepeace Thackeray written his "Book of Snobs" today, the foregoing quotation might have provided him with material for a further chapter.

\* \* \*

One of those present told of the Dieppe raid. As they approached their objective the padre asked the men to stop playing poker. They gathered around him silently, and standing in front of a tank and with the aid of a flashlight he read from Ephesians.

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# BILLIARDS

## Use Correct "Side" is Imperative for Good Billiards

Of all the traps known to billiards players the application of side on the cue-ball is the most intriguing. Champions will tell you that there are countless ways of attacking any shot, but only one best way. Few amateurs concern themselves regarding cloth nap and its effect on a spinning ball, and the attitude explains completely why so many can play year after year without making any progress whatever.

Although not perceptible to the eye the cloth has a definite lean-over in one direction, and it is not always a supposed elliptical ball that makes it play queer pranks during progress.

Common advice to cueists is to "use check side or running side for this one, etc., but more often than not the advice tendered is the quickest and surest road to failure.

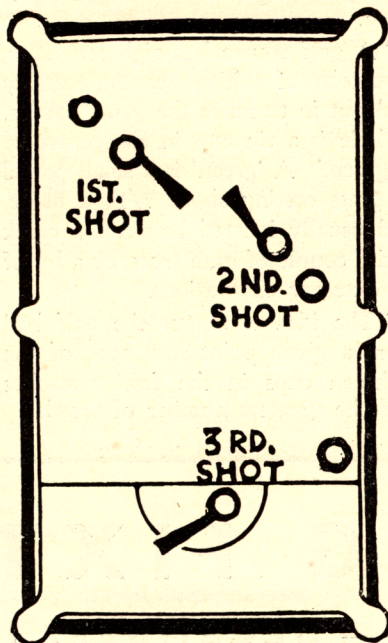
We have all seen world-champion Walter Lindrum making runs of his famous nursery cannons, but few know that in a run of twenty consecutive cannons almost every kind of "side" would be used and for one particular reason—that the cue ball is affected by the spin even though it has to travel less than an inch backwards and forwards.

The above statement may appear a bit over-drawn or leaning to the fantastic, but in actual fact it is correct in every syllable.

Lindrum has given the writer hundreds of close-up demonstrations and when watched from a distance

of inches only that cue-ball describes half-circles, on occasion, that would never be dreamed of by watchers from a distance.

The diagram on this page shows three shots where the opposite side



to that expected is essential to success, because in each case sufficient "drag" must be allowed for to permit the cue ball travelling its natural path.

In shot No. 1 the balls are nearly in line with the top left-hand pocket and a run-through is required. It would be safe to wager that the vast majority of players would attempt

this shot by striking the cue-ball on the left-hand or "check" side. It would be equally safe to wager if they did that a kiss would result. Played that way the shot is definitely not on. Strange, but true.

Played with right-hand or "running" side the shot is possible by reason of the altered contact and the object-ball being given time to get out of the way of the white. A few shots by the veriest amateur will show the necessity for a change-over from accepted ideas.

In shot No. 2, which is set on the opposite side of the table, a run-through is required into the centre pocket. This calls for delicate stroking and deadly accuracy but, once again, is only possible if played in correct manner. You cannot fluke these in-offs and right-hand side on the cue-ball is the solution for success. Professionals also play with the far jaw as aiming point because the ball will swerve as the pace goes off.

The third shot depicted is of the usual "short jenny" variety, and once more the cue-ball is struck on the right-hand side, but, this time, to permit of "up-table" drag, and students will note that after contact the cue-ball will gain appreciable transferred direction.

In all positions shown right-hand "side" is used to gain given points on the table. Central stroking or use of left-hand "side" would in each case prove positively fatal. "Positively" is stressed because any other methods employed, other than those set out, remove scoring from the realms of even remote possibility.

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# A Definition of Golf

"Golf is a form of work made expensive enough for a rich man to enjoy it. It is a physical and mental exertion made attractive by the fact that you have to dress for it in a £10,000 clubhouse.

"Golf is what letter carrying, ditch digging and carpet beating would be if those three tasks had to be performed on the same hot afternoon in short pans and coloured socks, by gouty-looking gentlemen who required a different implement for every mood.

"Golf is the simplest looking game in the world when you decide to take it up and the toughest looking after you have been at it ten or twelve years.

"It is probably the only known game a man can play as long as 25 years and then discover that it was too deep for him in the first place.

"The game is played on carefully selected grass with little white balls and as many clubs as the player can afford. These balls cost up to 5/- each, and it is possible to support a family of ten people for five months on the money represented by the balls lost by some golfers in a single afternoon.

"A golf course has eighteen holes, seventeen of which are unnecessary and put in to make the game harder. A hole is a tin cup in the centre of a 'green.' A 'green' is a small parcel of grass costing about 7/11 a blade, and usually located between a creek and a couple of gum trees, or a lot of unnecessary excavations.

"The idea is to get the golf ball from a given point into each of the eighteen cups in the fewest strokes and the greatest number of words.

"The ball must not be thrown, pushed or carried. It must be propelled by about £15 worth of curious looking implements, especially designed to provoke the owner.

"Each implement has a specific purpose, and ultimately some golfers get to know what that purpose is. They are the exceptions.

"After each hole has been completed the golfer counts his strokes. Then he subtracts six and says 'Made that in five; that's one above par. Shall we play for a ball on the next hole, too, Wal?'

"After the final, or eighteenth hole, the golfer adds up his score, and stops when he has reached eighty. He then has a shower, ten whiskies, sings 'Sweet Adeline' with six or eight other liars, and calls it the end of a perfect day."

## RACING FIXTURES

JULY — DECEMBER, 1943

### JULY.

No Racing . . . . . Saturday, 3rd  
Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 10th  
Moorefield . . . . . Saturday, 17th  
A.J.C. . . . . Saturday, 24th  
Victoria Park . . . . Saturday, 31st

### AUGUST.

No Racing . . . . . Saturday, 7th  
Moorefield . . . . . Saturday, 14th  
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 21st  
Canterbury Park . . . Saturday, 28th

### SEPTEMBER.

No Racing . . . . . Saturday, 4th  
**Tattersall's Club . . . Saturday, 11th**  
Rosehill . . . . . Saturday, 18th  
Hawkesbury . . . . Saturday, 25th

### OCTOBER.

No Racing . . . . . Saturday, 2nd  
A.J.C. . . . . Saturday, 9th  
A.J.C. . . . . Saturday, 16th  
A.J.C. . . . . Saturday, 23rd  
City Tattersall's Club . . Saturday, 30th

### NOVEMBER.

No Racing . . . . . Saturday, 6th  
Rosehill . . . . . Saturday, 13th  
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 20th  
A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Saturday, 27th

### DECEMBER.

No Racing . . . . . Saturday, 4th  
A.J.C. . . . . Saturday, 11th  
A.J.C. . . . . Saturday, 18th  
No Racing (Xmas Day), Saturday, 25th



# The Italian Colonies in Libya

Which Have Now Passed Into British Keeping  
Until the End of the War

With Tripoli at last in the hands of the Allies, all Italy's African Empire has fallen—Eritrea, Italian Somaliland, Abyssinia and Libya. These countries have now to be administered for civil life. Abyssinia has returned to its native Government; Italian Somaliland is under British military authority; and Eritrea is under the Allies. Libya presents a different and more difficult problem. Italy had been bent upon turning the whole area from Tripoli to Egypt (which they designated Libya, but which is generally separated into Tripolitania and Cyrenaica) into an Italian colony populated with as large a number of Italians as could be planted there. The previous inhabitants—the Arabs—were to be gradually pressed out of the fertile areas into the desert land.

Now the British Government is faced with the Arabs and Italians, mutually antagonistic; the Italian colonists settled so recently on their new farms, and the Arabs eagerly desiring a return to the land from which they have been dispossessed. Protection will be necessary for such colonists who remain against the revengeful Arabs.

When the British Army under General Wavell made its remarkable sweep across Libya early in 1941 driving the large Italian army before it, they encountered these Italian colonists when they reached that part of Cyrenaica, north of the Jebel Akhdar—from Derna to Barce. It was all new country to the war correspondents, who then wrote about these new farms, dazzling in their whiteness, scattered about like "lumps of sugar" on the green slopes of the hills. They described how eagerly the colonists had welcomed the British army, who would protect them from the Arabs, who had already begun looting and destroying the moment the Italian army had retreated. The colonists had not been evacuated—the British advance had been too rapid—and they were still working on their farms, trusting to the humanity of the British

authorities. Indeed, General Graziani had assured them: "The British are gentlemen. They will treat you kindly. If you want anything ask them for it."

When a civilian authority was set up in Benghazi, this question of the colonists loomed large. Was the British Government to take over the whole of Italy's liabilities with regard to the colonists?—no small matter at the time. To-day, with the whole Libyan colony in Allied hands, the problem looms up again. As the correspondents followed the Army for the third time over the Cyrenaican plateau, they made no mention of the new farms or the Italian settlers. It seems unlikely that they can have been shipped home, to carry the conviction of Italy's impotence to protect them; but whether they retired to Tripolitania or bravely stayed on the farms has not been definitely stated. When the Eighth Army moved into the new area of Tripolitania, mention was made of those colonies situated near Misurata and Homs.

It was in October, 1938 (just after the Munich Settlement) that 20,000 colonists made a spectacular arrival at Tripoli. They were welcomed by Marshal Balbo, Civil Governor of Libya, who was enthusiastic over his colonisation scheme, and then all assembled to see the unveiling of the equestrian statue of the Duce, waving the sword of Islam. Much time and thought had gone into the preparation for this happy day.

The colonists had been chosen with extreme care. They came as family groups, not less than eight in a family; all of them had to be peasants used to the land; they had to be healthy and strong and fervent Fascists. Most of them came from the north of Italy, all eager to gain land of their own in the new colony. They were fully informed of the way in which they would work for the land, and when the time was near for their departure, they were given explicit directions what things they could take

with them, how they should pack them, what to do with the articles they would not require, and, finally, what clothes they must wear on the journey—their best and smartest, and if they possessed it, any uniform, provided it was in good repair.

It was a bold experiment to put down so many thousand settlers on almost desert, waterless land, but the Duce was filled with the splendid hope of reviving the prosperous settlements of Greece and Rome. Italy hoped to obtain an outlet for her large population; to settle a permanent body of Italians in Libya; to produce wheat and oil to make the colony self-supporting in case of war; and to gain a body of men ready to fight for their own land. The land itself was a difficulty—quite unsuitable for the usual type of settler. It needed great outlay of capital to prepare it; grasses planted to hold the desert sand, scrub to be cleared, artesian wells sunk and aqueducts and storage tanks constructed.

When the colonists arrived at their numbered destination, each family found a small, well-constructed house, containing simple furniture, and stocked with enough food for the next few days. They were expected to start work at once. For the first year the farmer would earn wages, after which there would be a period of profit-sharing. Everything is entered in the farmer's estate book—how much he will have to pay for his farm and all the goods he buys from the store are on one side, while on the credit side is the money he obtains from the sale of his produce. At the end of twenty-five years he is supposed to have paid off the mortgage and to be full and free owner. Even then he has to carry out orders about the kind of crops to be grown, and he is still obliged to sell through the governmental offices.

The farms are scattered round a communal centre—the village—where there is a church, a school, a general store and the Fascist headquarters. Everything is brand-new,

(Continued on Page 13.)



# Plain Food for Epicures

## American Clubs' Wartime Catering Problems

Clubs in U.S.A. are restricting guest privileges, simplifying menus, curtailing meal-times and conserving beverages.

Horsemeat formally has been introduced to the city of St. Louis by the Missouri Athletic Club.

Covering a wide range of club life in America, Sam Lambert, in "Club Management" presents a wartime picture of many restrictions on members through rationing of food, manpower demands and other sharp changes of habit caused by a country forced on to total war conditions.

In an all-States investigation he found a fair average of reduction of amenities and privileges, some clubs being more fortunate than others but even the fortunate one preparing for a bleak future.

Despite complete agreement with the stern necessity of the times, Lambert found some tinges of regret.

From Los Angeles came this pathetic note:—

Remember those little banquets and cosy late dinners at the Stock Exchange Club? "Thanks for the memory." That's all you have left. They are no more, alas! They're out for the duration. Down there they're serving fresh vegetables instead of the canned or frozen variety, are using meat sparingly, and have asked members to be moderate in the number of their guests.

At the Jonathan Club (Los Angeles) the only meat being served now is roast beef. If you don't relish the flesh of the steer, you'll have to go vegetarian at the Jonathan. They're cutting down on the number of guests at this club, too. More fresh vegetables, salads, fish and poultry are decorating the menu and replacing rationed items.

Horsemeat formally was introduced to the city of St. Louis as a table delicacy last March at a dinner at the Missouri Athletic Club.

To explain rationing problems to members, the club used a table card with the following message:—

Meat rationing! Butter rationing! Greens higher than a kite in a March wind; Chef's tools used to be knives, forks and ladles; to-day it's micrometers, calipers and an apothecary's scales. But we know you will understand and bear with us.

Time was when we sent catsup and chili sauce bottles to the dining rooms, not to be seen again until they were empty. To-day they are on highest rationing . . . so we are obliged to ration them to you. Menus are made up according to meats and produce obtainable on the market. Sometimes we have ample . . . sometimes, well, if the waiter comes back and tells you that the kettle is emptied of your favourite dish you will know that we were obliged to buy "short."

Coffee, sugar, cream and butter will be strictly limited. Other items will be served sparingly in compliance with the Government's request not to waste.

Cleveland Athletic Club announced briefly:—

"To meet the drastic food rationing restrictions being effected, as well as the employee problem, and to assure our members satisfactory restaurant service in the way of food variety and portions, the club will give no extensive functions or entertainments, entailing restaurant service, as long as food rationing prevails."

The Evansville Country Club, Indiana, has issued food service cards to all members to assure that limited food service made available by rationing will be reserved exclusively for members. The cards which are issued to married members, are, of course, good for both man and wife and family. Unmarried male members are issued cards for "you and one lady guest."

The Detroit Athletic Club, Detroit, Michigan, will have two meatless days a week to help the general food situation. Otherwise, beef will be on the menu, occasionally roast beef. Nothing larger than minute steaks (eight ounces) will be served. Canned food rationing will have small effect on the club. Although canned fruits are used, canned vegetables never have been served at the club.

"Los Angeles Athletic Club members are having their food troubles," reads an account in a newspaper at Los Angeles, California, which follows:—

"Club boards are ordering a cut-down on the number of guests. The menus are being trimmed. Gastro-nomic experiments are a thing of the past. You get simple cuts, and that's all. If you're an epicure, you're in hard luck. Your stomach is going to learn to digest simple foods, and not a whale of a lot of those."

The Columbia Club is faced with practically the same food and service problems that present themselves in the home, except that in a club of this size it is a much greater problem than the average householder experiences.

The management of the club is attempting to serve all members impartially and on an equal basis. In order that this may be done, it is suggested that all members refrain from sponsoring large groups for dinner.

While alcoholic beverages are not yet rationed, the supply has been restricted to the point that it soon will be impossible to offer certain irreplaceable brands by the bottle, but the sale of individual servings will be continued as long as stocks last.

So that by and large Australian clubmen simply are squaring up with overseas conditions.



# Thousands Raised for War Effort

TATTERSALL'S CLUB'S GREAT TOTAL OF £16,125/0/8

## Red Cross Night an All-Time Record

**O**VER the period since war began Tattersall's Club has carried on with the good work of raising funds for patriotic services, independently and in conjunction with general appeals.

Club contributions to date total £16,125/0/8, a proud record and unparalleled among institutions of its kind. This total is exclusive of numerous donations to other patriotic appeals.

THIS SHOWS what may be done when the spirit is willing, when members dedicate themselves to a service which is part of club tradition.

It is a splendid response in terms of giving, not preaching; it is the patriotism of deeds, not of pretence; and it provides also an answer to the minority set against sport in wartime.

Sixteen thousand pounds is a lot of money to be raised by the one establishment.

Not one appeal has been made that hasn't been tremendously successful, and the latest—that of Red Cross night on June 17—was an all-time record.

What does that prove? That members and their friends attended the carnival for the sole purpose of giving and giving again. Everybody believed: "It has to go big as a success." So we have it, £965/3/- raised in the one night!

Let everybody take notice. That's how we do it in Tattersall's Club.

As showing the scope of the club's war activities, and how considerable has been the benefit to all services, we intemise the results on this page.

Success of Red Cross night on June 17 was achieved mainly through the hard work of a band of voluntary helpers, supplemented by the effort of the staff, and the spirited co-operation of the chairman and

members of the committee of the club.

We are indebted particularly to our voluntary helpers. These never fail us. Let them come forward and take a bow:

Mesdames F. Gately and A. Codey, Mr. Mark Barnett and members of his staff, Messrs. H. G. Warburton, C. H. D. Scougall, W. R. Granger, W. A. McDonald, F. J. Empson, L. P. Hughes, P. Smith, W. S. Crawford and Claude Spencer.

There was no limelight for anyone. Credit is shared by all. It was a team effort. All had a gloriously busy time, and had the honour of being associated with a record that will take some pulling down by any club anywhere.

To the general public, who have no intimate acquaintance with Tattersall's Club and its history, we commend the facts as they reveal the spirit of service that is the Tattersall's tradition.

We assure them that, as in the previous war, we will keep on keeping on; and we claim no credit more than their appreciation of the fact that Tattersall's Club accepts its obligations and means to give proof of its loyalty to King and country in practical terms.

In the future Tattersall's Club may be counted on to repeat its service of the past, and in that it will have the generous support of its members and friends.

## TELLING THE STORY OF PATRIOTIC SERVICE

### STALLS, MARTIN PLACE:

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
The Lord Mayor's Appeal Day, 1/12/1939 .. ..	625	6	0			
The Lady Gowrie Red Cross Appeal Day, 15/3/1940 .. .. .	350	3	0			
"Australia Day," 4/10/1940 .. .. .	284	14	8			
"Red Cross Day," 6/12/1940 .. .. .	238	2	8			
Comforts Fund Appeal Day, 23/5/1941 .. .. .	366	13	0			
"V" for Victory Drive, 5/9/1941 .. .. .	349	15	3			
				2,214	14	7

### RACE MEETINGS:

"Carrington Stakes Day," 28/12/1940, in aid of			
The Lord Mayor's Fund .. .. .	5,216	11	2
"Carrington Stakes Day," 27/12/1941, in aid of			
The Lord Mayor's Fund .. .. .	2,700	9	1
"Prisoners of War Fund," 23/5/1942 .. .. .	3,802	7	9
			11,719 8 0

### CARNIVAL NIGHTS, CLUB HOUSE:

28th August, 1941 .. .. .	267	9	9
30th July 1942 .. .. .	379	12	11
17th December, 1942 .. .. .	578	12	5
17th June, 1943, "Red Cross Night" .. .. .	965	3	0
			2,190 18 1
			£16,125 0 8

### AUXILIARIES WHICH BENEFITED.

The funds of the following have benefited considerably from the proceeds of the Carnival Nights held on 28th August, 1941, 30th July and 17th December, 1942:—

The Anzac Buffet, St. Andrew's Cathedral Hut, C.U.S.A.—St. Mary's Hut and the Naval Hut, Women's All Services Canteen, The American Center.



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F. D. FOSKEY, A.C.I.I., Assistant Manager for Australia and N.Z.  
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Poultry



# They Get Damaged Warships Back to Sea

Condensed from "Scientific American," by David O. Woodbury

Battered warships, limping home from the battlegrounds of the seven seas, have reappeared from American navy yards more formidable than ever—actually stronger in armament, and up to the minute in battle-tested equipment.

Before Pearl Harbour a sunken hulk like the bombed destroyer "Shaw" would have been left at the bottom of the bay. But a new spirit of "can do" hoisted the "Shaw" out of her grave, fastened a false bow on her, and sent her 2000 miles to a West Coast navy yard. Within three months she was back in the fighting line, a deadlier ship than when first built.

Credit for performing such miracles of rejuvenation goes to a group of young engineers, surgeons in steel, who have developed methods of their own, not out of books or conventional practice but out of their own heads. A few months ago they were landlubbers with little knowledge of ships and a merciful ignorance of official red tape. They

were drawn from industry, business, laboratories, sometimes from college graduating classes. To-day they wear the uniforms of U.S. Naval Reserve officers of minor rank, and are the world's foremost experts in sending broken ships back to sea.

Officially this gang of young bloods are known by the prosaic title of Naval Yard Hull Superintendents. They turn out seven-week jobs in three weeks, and five-day repairs in a single night.

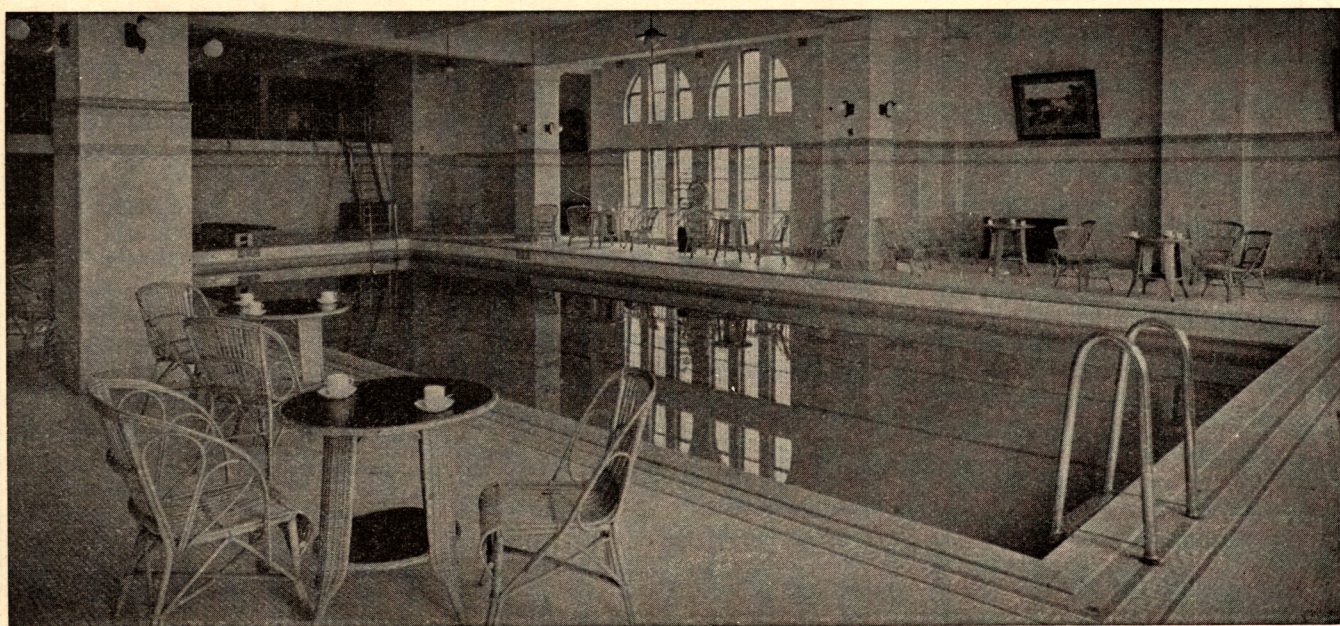
How they work is typified by a young lieutenant who may be called McCantry, on repair duty in an Atlantic Coast yard. A battered warship was on her way in from sea, her "availability" for overhaul only eight days. The Boss Hull Superintendent summoned McCantry. "Turn the yard loose on her," he ordered. "I'll inform your wife you won't be home."

Mac grinned; this was a challenge such as he loved to meet. He began rounding up his forces. Within

ten minutes bosses and estimators were on their way down the harbour on a tug. Half an hour later they had scrambled aboard the tired warship. During the trip back to the yard they inspected the damage and laid their plans. There was plenty to do. New A-A guns, new cranes for the boats, new magazines and fire control; hull plates removed and straightened, mast reset. Fuel tanks cleaned and relined, radio equipment replaced, crew's quarters remodelled, windlasses, anchor gear and steering equipment overhauled. Ventilating system, boat cradles pulled down and refitted. And at the bottom of the list was this: Complete overhaul and repair of potato-peeling machine.

A month's work by pre-war standards. Snatching pad and pencil, McCantry began to break down the list and pass the sheets to various yard bosses amid a cross fire of discussion and orders. There was no time for formal blueprints or

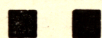
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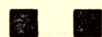
The Club Swimming Pool.



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## They Get Damaged Warships Back to Sea

(Continued from Page 11.)

routine procedure. Every foreman must carry his part of the work in his head or scratched on the back of an old envelope.

In the hour and a half required to dry-dock the ship, a thousand men, drawn from every department, swarmed aboard with their tools. Power lines were going up, portable machines were swinging aboard from overhead cranes; stagings were being lowered over the ship's sides.

Already familiar with the ship's layout, McCantry began circulating methodically, showing riveters and welders, carpenters and linoleum layers how to work without interfering with their neighbours. For 66 hours he remained aboard without sleep, carrying a sandwich in his hand and a bottle of pop in his pocket. Only by the third night was he so sure of success that he could snatch a few hours' sleep.

It was McCantry's hunger for punishment and his calm assumption that every man under him could take it that put this job through. At the end of six days and nights, with all hands working 16-hour shifts, the ship was completely repaired—even to the potato-peeling machine. On the seventh day it was ready for sea, better than new.

McCantry and his companions cut their eyeteeth on the Allied warships that limped into our yards in 1940 and '41, survivors of attacks by torpedo, naval gun and aerial bomb. Some were almost total wrecks. Moreover they were built in a different style from our own. Thousands of small fittings—valves, bolts, pipes and machines—could not be replaced out of American stock. Many a repair part had to be made specially for the job.

This kind of work taught the young technicians to improvise. When standard steel plates were not wide enough, they patched smaller ones together by welding. When American electric lamps didn't fit foreign sockets, they ripped out whole wiring systems and put in new ones. With the huge resources of the yards at their dis-

posal, and no other limit than their own ingenuity and endurance, the Hull Superintendents soon left standard practice behind.

A typical case of heavy repair confronted a sandy-haired young ensign named Mullins, less than two years out of engineering school. He had to get a ship into dry dock without permitting her ragged bottom plates to smash up the dock flooring. Jumping into a diving suit Mullins, who had never before been down, joined a couple of professional divers with underwater cutting torches. The three of them spent all day and part of the night cutting loose jagged pieces of steel, constantly in danger of having their life-lines cut by the knife-sharp edges all around them. As a result, repairs beat every previous record set by the yard. Mullins' example in that first risky operation put every workman on his mettle.

Admiral Yarnell, of China fame, is credited with the idea of digging out these commandos of the ship-yards. He made a tour of technical colleges and large corporations and interviewed hundreds of men from 25 to 30 who had shown outstanding ability along engineering lines. He told them there was a big job to do in the yards; that he could offer them little money and no fame but they would have an unbeatable opportunity to serve their country by doing the work they knew best. They joined the Reserve in droves.

McCantry, for example, was a welding specialist for a large manufacturing outfit. Mullins worked for a farm machinery concern. Baker, a cement plant engineer, sailed with a gang of mechanics to Pearl Harbour just in time for the Jap onslaught. It was he who organised repair of the "Shaw." Others like him are responsible for getting the rest of the ships damaged on December 7 back to sea in record time.

Lieutenant Telford's high-water mark was a vessel with a smashed mast and a lot of topside damage, that had to be sent to sea in three days. The new mast was ready 12

hours before sailing time, and Telford decided to set it himself. So, about midnight, he climbed aboard the spar and rode into the sky at the end of a wire-rope sling suspended from a crane. For three hours he jockeyed the mast up and down, easing it into place in the ship by signalling the crane operator with a flashlight.

"All through the night Telford swung in the air, singing. By dawn he was pretty well frozen, but pride sent him below to try to insert a piece of thin paper between mast butt and seat when the job of lowering was done. No mast had ever fitted before on the first try—but this one did. Telford had made the measurements for it himself and was not in error by a thousandth of an inch.

The spirit that sent the pioneers across the plains and drove back the frontiers of science in the laboratories is sustaining these youngsters through their long night vigils and daily grinds. The navy has let loose their native American love for invention, unhampered by routine and red tape. These hull superintendents don't get medals or newspaper headlines, but they get something else—the certain knowledge that without them many a ship would never again meet the enemy.

## THE ITALIAN COLONIES IN LIBYA

(Continued from Page 7.)

simple, on modernistic lines, built of concrete and shining white. Every farmhouse is precisely the same, in form and furnishing—no one has a jot of advantage over another.

The cost of these farms has been very considerable—the original outlay will probably never be recovered. As an experiment it has been watched with interest, and those who toured Libya at the invitation of the Italian Government were considerably impressed. The general impression of the various writers is one of admiration for the care, energy and enthusiasm of the organisation, while wondering whether colonists from democratic countries would submit to the drastic control of every detail of life.



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## True Snake Story

Without leaving Australian shores almost any sort of foreigner may set foot on his native soil—provided that he can recognise it. Personally, I have seen French soil, Irish soil, and soil from practically every other country. It all looked like dirt to me. (wrote W.P.T. in "S.M. Herald").

Yet men have travelled long distances just to set their feet on soil taken from their far-away countries. Many an Irishman has gone to Vacluse House, for instance, and walked about the grounds, knowing that somewhere there he has set his feet on good earth taken from the bogs of his native land.

Foreign soil came to Australia in strange circumstances. No doubt the most extraordinary importation was at the beginning of the nineteenth century, when 500 barrels of Irish earth were brought out by Sir Henry Hayes, the convict baronet who built Vacluse House, afterwards the historic home of William Charles Wentworth, father of the Australian Constitution.

Vacluse House at this time was surrounded by virgin bush, which was infested with venomous snakes. It has been said that there were black snakes, brown snakes, tiger snakes and even death-adders within the spacious grounds, and that these reptiles came into the building itself and on several occasions were even found in the beds. Sir Henry decided to adopt extreme measures to rid his home of these visitations. Reckoning that it was the smell of the bog of his native Ireland that kept snakes out of Ireland, he wrote to a friend and asked him to send out 500 barrels of this highly effective material.

In due course the consignment arrived, and Sir Henry engaged a number of Irish convicts to dig a trench round the house. He then arranged for it to be filled with the imported soil on St. Patrick's Day. When the job was completed each of the Irish convicts took a "sample" away with him. After that Sir Henry was no longer troubled with snakes in his house! They were still to be seen in the vicinity, but no snake, it is said, ever crossed that magic circle.

(Continued on Page 16.)

## NICE WORK—AND DO THEY GET IT!

By Berton Braley.

"The Engineers  
Have hairy ears"  
—And hairy, harried faces;  
Robust and rough,  
They do their stuff  
In all the toughest places.

For they're the babies who take  
the raps,  
The boobs who probe for the  
booby-traps,  
The scouts ahead of the scouting  
lines  
Cutting the wire and hunting  
mines.  
And they are the playboys, gay  
and bright,  
Who crack pillboxes with dynamite,  
And they are the fellers who fell  
the trees,  
While the bullets hum like a hive  
of bees.

The Engineers!  
They grease the gears  
That army transport runs on,  
And foot by foot  
Build roads they put  
The trucks and tanks and guns  
on.

They are the bucks who buck a  
way  
Through stubborn granite and  
sticky clay.  
With pick and shovel they break  
their backs  
After (and under) the bomb-  
attacks.  
They drill for water through desert  
dunes  
And over the rivers they toss pon-  
toons.  
They slap down runways in fields  
of mud  
(And some of the ooze is the ooze  
of blood).

The Engineers  
Are cavaliers  
Who joust with logs and  
boulders,  
A task that's done  
With half a ton  
Of junk upon their shoulders.

For they are the lugs who lug the  
most  
Of loads that land on a hostile  
coast,  
And they are the guys, when  
equipment fails,  
Who scratch out a ditch with  
their finger nails.  
You find them up in the mountain  
crag  
And down in the jungle clearing  
snags  
Where the moccasins coil and the  
snipers lurk  
—Engineers, doing the dirty work!

## The Conquest of Pain

Pain of incurable disease can be such unending, unbearable torture that victims often look forward to death for merciful relief. Doctors administer drugs which interrupt the agony with spells of stupor.

To-day the neurosurgeon declares that victims of incurable disease can live out their days without drugs or suffering. Every pain impulse, wherever it originates, must travel up the main spinal trunkline to the brain. When the pain cannot be eliminated at the source, the surgeon offers this recourse: interrupts the pathway of pain. This operation is performed at the joint just before the nerves of the painful part enter the spinal column. Only a small incision is made in the nerve cable and great care must be taken to cut only the sensory nerve and not the motor nerve. The patient is deprived of nothing but his sense of pain and temperature in that portion of his body. His tactile sense, or feeling, is left whole. Some 200 surgeons throughout the country are successfully performing this pain-conquering operation.

Tri-geminal neuralgia, sometimes called *tic douloureux*, is a nervous disease of obscure origin; but its pain is the most acute and maddening known to man. Intense paroxysms of agony in one whole side of the face recur unexpectedly at intervals of hours or days. They may be brought on by a gust of wind or even a slight movement of the face muscles. The "tri-gem" victim lives in constant dread of the pain's recurrence—afraid to talk, chew, or wash his face. Between pain and fear he may be driven to mental collapse or suicide.

Medical treatment of this harrowing malady is uncertain; but to-day the neurosurgeon simply makes a small incision between eye and ear, and severs the "great nerve" of the face. The pain of tri-geminal neuralgia is gone for ever.

Says Dr. Byron Stookey, of the Neurological Institute of New York: "If it were more widely known that relief from pain can be obtained for the duration of the patient's life, more physicians would avail themselves of the neurosurgeon's service."

—"Hygeia."



## The Pied Piper of Vaagsö

At dawn we left our destroyer in flat-bottomed boats to make a commando raid on Vaagsö, Norway. Suddenly the music of bagpipes rose above the sound of German machine guns on the shore. A Scotch major stood erect in the rear of the boat playing, his six feet four a perfect target for the Germans. He was wounded in the face and hand, but stopped playing only long enough to grin and shout, "We'll make it lads!" And we knew we would.

When we landed, the Germans took to the houses for sniping action. Grenades and tommy guns in our hands we crept slowly up the main street, peering at every window. "I wonder where the wee ones are," said the major walking beside me. "I've got a couple of bairns myself. Look up there," he interrupted himself suddenly indicating a second-storey window.

A ghostly woman, the skin on her face white and drum-tight, was pointing downwards. A sniper was on the first floor. The major and I crashed the place. In the kitchen the Nazi sniper was holding a crying baby against his chest. The major shot him between the eyes, and I caught the baby as it fell.

Women and children appeared at the windows of other houses, their faces gaunt with starvation. A whole town of the living dead had come to life. The signalling came faster. In the first block we killed at least 30 snipers. Suddenly there was a tug at the major's sleeve. The first woman who had signalled us was carrying her baby and a little black bag. In Norwegian she said, "Please take us with you."

The major chuckled. "By Jove," he said, "just because I play the pipes doesn't mean that I'm the Pied Piper of Vaagsö!"

After several hours of block-to-block fighting a line of more than 50 women and children formed behind us. We made contact with the

rest of our party early in the afternoon. Even more women and children were trailing behind them!

At our boats a group of men waited to see their families off to freedom. They didn't ask to come with us — they knew there would be a job for them when the Germans returned. It was dusk when we pulled away. We had come that dawn upon a land of the living dead. There had been life for a short while, but now behind us was the land of the living dead once more.

As told to Alan Hynd in "Liberty."

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- **THAT** any man can, and every man should learn to swim. It's easy, healthful, beneficial. The Attendant in the Pool will teach you free of charge.
- **THAT** you can take that cold out of your system by spending an hour or so in the Turkish Bath.

## THE MYSTERY OF ADAPTATION

One great mystery is the development of higher forms of life from lower ones. This requires two things: mutation and successful adaptation.

Once in a great many times an unexpected change occurs in an individual organism which thereafter is hereditary and transmitted to descendants. Science has recently come to believe that it knows how mutations are brought about, through changes in the ultramicroscopic genes found in the reproductive cells. Such mutations become the hereditary pattern of a whole new group, species or genus.

Organisms that are well adapted to survive in a given environment are more likely to grow to maturity and thus transmit their characteristics to their offspring. For example: If you turned loose 1,000 rabbits, half of them black and half white, in the snow country, the white ones would be less visible against the snow—and thus less likely to be caught and more likely to survive to produce the next generation. Thus, if the blackness and whiteness were hereditary, before many generations black rabbits would be rare.

## TRUE SNAKE STORY

(Continued from Page 15.)

Carrington, a suburb of Newcastle, N.S.W., is actually built on foreign soil—a mixture from many parts of the world. A man from America, England, France, Spain, or, in fact, from almost any country, might well stand at Carrington and claim that he is standing on his native soil. It so happens that in the early days the area on which Carrington is now built was merely swamp land, originally known as Onebygamba. Ballast carried by sailing ships that came to Newcastle to load coal and other cargo was dumped into these swamps, which in the course of time were filled. In later years a prosperous suburb sprang up there, and was named Carrington, after the Governor of the period. Incidentally, on the other side of Newcastle Harbour is Stockton, where there is a road constructed from stones carried as ballast from Chile.



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## MURWILLUMBAH

**W**HILST it is to the work of Captain Cook and Matthew Flinders that we owe our first authentic knowledge of the great North Coast of N.S.W., it is more to the labours of Lieutenant Oxley and Admiral Rous that we are indebted for its actual settlement.

Oxley was the first in 1823 to set foot in this northern district and he brought back glowing reports of the fertility of the land.

This vast area of country—embracing 11,000 square miles—one of the most remarkable, most interesting and most fertile districts in Australia, enriched by the Tweed, Brunswick, Richmond and Clarence Rivers, remained practically unknown and certainly unsettled for 50 years after the foundation of the colony of N.S.W. in 1788.

The whole of this country was a blank on published maps, with the exception of imaginary courses of the Tweed and Richmond Rivers.

For nearly 50 years after Captain Cook had almost been wrecked off Cudgen Headland, no white man had set foot in the Tweed District; incidentally Captain Cook's providential escape is commemorated in the name he gave to that noble peak and outstanding landmark, Mount Warning.

Then on October 23rd, 1823, Lieutenant Oxley, Surveyor-General of the Colony, with a party embarked on the cutter "Mermaid," his mission being to survey Moreton Bay, where it was proposed to establish a new penal settlement.

A storm arose and Oxley and his party sought shelter under the lee of what is known now as Cook Island. At this time neither the river nor the island were named, although Oxley gave the name of "Turtle" to the island.

The name of the Tweed was given to the river at a later date after Admiral Rous had made his exploration trip along the north coast.

About 1834, an exploration party bent on settlement discovered in the Illawarra district the valuable Australian Red Cedar and soon the peace of the bush was broken by the sound of the woodman's axe.

The supply of cedar from the south, however, was limited and these hardy adventurers, the cedar-getters, heard glowing rumours of the Big Scrub up north. Here might be the long-sought El Dorado of the cedar-getter.

Working north, skimming the pick of the timber as they went, they left behind them the Manning, Hastings, Comboyne, Macleay, Nambucca, Beltingen, Don Dorrigo and Clarence Rivers, until in 1844 they arrived on the Tweed.

The pioneer cedar-cutters of the Tweed were Burgess and his party from Moreton Bay, and Paddy Smith, Jack Wright and Richard King from Sydney.

Opposition was met from the local aboriginals but gradually this was overcome and the demolition of the cedar began.

Incidentally, at that time—1846—the population of the Tweed consisted of 25 men and 3 women.

The cedar-getters worked hard and lived hard. There were giants in the scrub in those days and the price was excellent. Occasionally trees turned out as many as 25,000 feet of sawn timber, and one tree, cut by Tommy Foley near Booyong, yielded 33,000 feet of marketable cedar which, at 20/- per 100 feet, meant a small fortune to the finders.

It was these men who blazed the way for the settlement that was to follow. For some years, however, cedar-getting was practically the only occupation on the river.

Among the earliest settlers who crossed the broad trail of the cedar-getters were Peter Scott, Dan Bullock, Joshua and James Bray, Tom Little,

Henry Skinner, John, Edward and Thomas Boyd, P. Smith, John Brady, M. and J. Guilfoyle, James Black and Walter Hindmarsh.

The district began to evolve from its primitive state, which the cedar-getters had hardly altered, to an agricultural area. At first a more or less precarious existence was eked out with crops of various kinds and a little cattle raising. This second era commenced about 1866.

Michael Guilfoyle, a veteran horticulturist, took up 600 acres of land in the Cudgen district, and with his son commenced the cultivation of sugarcane; then in 1869 S. W. Gray, M.P. for Kiama, who first took up land on the Tweed, grew some cane at Kynnumboon and made some sugar by infusion.

By the year 1872, a few more patches of sugarcane had been planted and Henry Scammill made a mill with wooden rollers, turned by hand.

About 1874, the first proper sugar mill was erected on the Tweed by James Pringle and his brother, Alexander, James Shankey and Patrick Byrne.

It was known as The Abbotsford mill and situated about a mile above Tumbulgem.

Farmers then began to grow cane more extensively, but this mill was on too small a scale to be of much benefit to the Tweed.

Then in the late 70's the Colonial Sugar Refining Company came into the field. They bought land at Condong from John McLeod, and W. R. Isaacs cut up the Company's land into farms and thus the first crushing season started in August, 1880.

From the early 80's to the middle 90's the sugar industry flourished. Many mills were erected, but heavy reductions in the price of sugar, the difficulty of competing with the larger mills and severe winters which destroyed the cane all brought about their downfall.

The greater part of the present site of Murwillumbah, including the main business block, was once a cane field owned by James Black. It was afterwards acquired by the Colonial Sugar Refining Company. Sugar has done, and is still doing, much for the progress of the Tweed River district.

The earliest settlements on the Tweed were at Tweed Heads and Tumbulgem, and the first Post Office was at Kynnumboon, on the north arm, established in the early 1870's.

The late Bishop J. J. Doyle, writing of the district in the year 1878 said:—

"Murwillumbah then consisted of one neat building in brick, part of the old courthouse. On the hill, where two or three churches now are, there were gumtrees of gigantic proportions. Where the Post Office now stands was a dangerous swamp and it was not without effort and plunging that horses negotiated it."

What is now Murwillumbah was merely "The Tweed." Nightcap was an eighteen-inch track, and there were several accommodation houses towards both ends at which the food was a junk of salt horse and a loaf of dark bread!

There was a weekly mail from Lismore and it took the mailman the greater part of three days to accomplish the journey.

"Murwillumbah" is, of course, a native name signifying "Good Camping Ground."

For the pioneers the principal means of communication were the river and its tributaries, and the butcher boat was the favourite means of transport for both stores and passengers.

Communication with the outside world was by the sea. The first vessel to come up the river

to trade was the ketch "Maid of the Mill." This was in 1868.

The present lighthouse at Fingal Head was built in 1878 and the first storekeeping of any kind on the river was the trading done by Messrs. Gray & Bray at Kynnumboon.

Shortly after the Tweed commenced to make definite progress the pioneer newspaper the "Tweed Advocate" appeared. This paper, produced by W. R. Baker, published its first copy on October 31st, 1888.

Some of the unusual activities in the early days of this district were poppy growing, silk culture and the making of clothes lines and baskets from the "lawyer-cane," also the fashioning of rope from the wild kurrajong.

With the opening of the railway in 1894, Murwillumbah became really established as the centre of the Tweed River district.

Dairying started on the Tweed with the advent of the factory at Byron Bay, the cream being sent there by train. This company, now known as Norco Co-operative Limited, started operations in 1895.

In 1891 paspalum had been introduced on the Richmond by Edwin Seccombe of Wollongbar, and rapidly proved its suitability for the North Coast. It was further introduced on the Tweed by W. Wardrop.

In 1906 the Murwillumbah branch of Norco was established; other branches opened in quick succession and thus dairying, perhaps more than sugar, placed the Tweed district on a sound economic basis.

Further progress came to Murwillumbah in 1902 with its incorporation as a municipality, the first Mayor being Peter Street.

A tremendous blow was dealt to the thriving settlement in 1907 when a disastrous fire swept the town, but even from this some good evolved for in rebuilding the major portion of Murwillumbah such civic improvements as widened streets and modern, compact and uniform business premises were planned and carried out.

Banana-growing has been a factor of considerable economic importance in the development of the Tweed, but the commercial aspect of the banana dates only from June 1910, when S. Farrant of Condong, sold the first consignment of bananas on the Sydney market, thus commencing a trade that has meant considerable wealth to the Tweed.

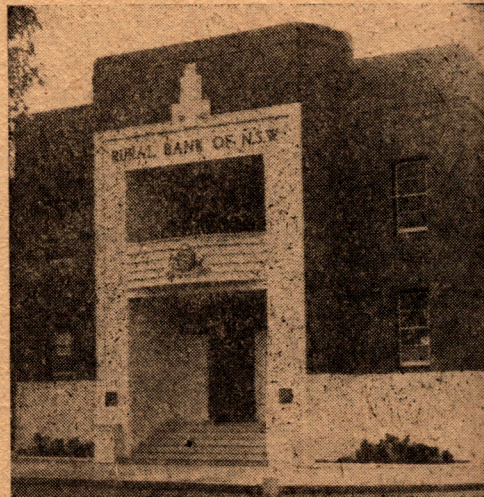
Through adversity and success the banana-growing industry, now established on a proper basis, has grown to great proportions and is worth some hundreds of thousands of pounds annually to the growers and district.

And not only in sugar-cane, dairying and banana-growing does the Tweed excel, for in the district are produced maize, potatoes, oats, rye and lucerne. There are, in addition, as befits a dairying district, many thousands of dairy cattle and pigs. The butter production runs into millions of pounds annually.

A magnificent production record from this rich and fertile district—once the lonely hunting ground of the hardy cedar-getters.

Murwillumbah, the prosperous centre of the Tweed, celebrated its hundredth birthday in 1923 and is still continuing its march of progress. Pleasantly situated, the town itself, replete with every type of modern institution, is up to date in comfort and convenience.

And so instead of the ring of the axe on the giant cedar trees there is to-day the busy coastal centre of Murwillumbah—a gem of the North, and a tribute to the hardy pioneers who fought and won.



# THE RURAL BANK

## OF NEW SOUTH WALES